The Story of a Famous Hymn

OFTENTIMES popular verse is the result of inspira-U tion. Surely Bishop Heber was inspired when he wrote "From Greeland's Icy Mountains." He completed this hymn in fifteen minutes, making a record.



Magazine P

Smart Paris Gowns for Summer Days and Evening Wear



This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the opening of Brooklyn Bridge, in 1883. The great structure, costing \$15,000,000, was a triumph of the engineering skill of Washington Roebling, its energetic and gifted builder.

FOR LOVE By Ruby M.

A ROMANCE OF A RICH RICH GIRL'S STRANGE MARRIAGE. Philip Enraged at Kitty's Fickleness Decides to Ask Eva to Marry Him But **Changes His Mind**

My head aches—you don't + back his head and drew a long mind, do you? We'll fin- breath. mind, do you? We'll fin-ish another day." Philip said nothing; he had

thrown down his racquet and was setting into a coat. Since Kitty left the garden his whole being had seemed centered

on the gate, watching for Peter's Peter was only a boy to Eva, because she had lived with him all her life and could not realize that he had grown up; but he was no boy to Philip Winterdick, and he already saw in him a rival-a man

he . . what had he now to offer any woman? He made his farewells hastily and left; he went off down the road at a tremendous pace. This thing has got to be settled once and for

with the advantage of wealth, while

all tonight. He went home and changed, and was leaving the house again when the dinner gong sounded.

Mrs. Winterdick came across the Phil! You're not going without

"I dont want any. It's too hot to eat anything; I . . oh, very well, mother."

He sat at the table in durance vile; he knew that his parents were watching him closely, that they were wondering, hoping, waiting for

him to say something.

The silence got on his nerves; he Well, mother, what do you think of the Dennisons?"

Across the table his parents exchanged meaning glances. "I was agreeably surprised," Mrs. Winterdick said then. "I am sure I shall like them immensely."

Philip laughed. "You didn't look as if you were enjoying yourself very much," he said, grimly.

He broke out angrily.
"Well, what's the use of pretending? You know you were thinking all the time you were there that Mrs. Dennison and the old man are impossible. So they are, I know, from your point of view. He laughed wretchedly; he looked at his mother. "Well, do you still want Eva for a daughter-in-law?" The tears welled into his moth-

vigorously. "My dear Philip, that is hardly the tone of voice in which to speak to your mother. As our only son * * * **

swer; his father cleared his throat

Philip pushed his chair back so that he knocked it over; he flung his napkin down on the

"Let's be honest with each other at .all events," he said savagely. and you hate the sight of her peo-They set you on edge with their show of wealth, only you won't admit it because you want them to pull us out of the mud and make it possible for us to stay on here. It's a low-down, rotten game, but • • oh, I beg your

parden, mother—I spoke like a cad—I • • "

He looked at Mrs. Winterdick; she was sobbing quietly; he made a step toward her with hand out-stretched, then the utter futility of it all struck him. The memory of Kitty as she had walked away, looking up at Peter Dennison came back to him and almost drove him mad; he turned on his heel and strode out of the room.

Out of the room and out of the house, and down to the village, Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! Kitty summer evening seemed full of her name and the sound of her laugh. She was off with the old love already, and on with the new! Philip had rather liked Peter, but now he felt that he hated him. To cut him out—a mere boy— he son of a——. He checked that

thought, ashamed of it. He threw

not lost her yet. The maid who answered his ring at the Arlington's stared at young Winterdick's white face.
Yes, Miss Kitty was in, she was sure, she said hurriedly. Would he please wait in the drawing room.

screened the garden from the road. The evening air was scented with lavendar now, and as young Winterdick went on, he suddenly

thrown back against a blue cushion, and her eyes looking up with

every word she spoke clearly reached the man who watched them. "Very well, then—I dare you!" she said provokingly.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

HIS PA

Yure father is a grate au-thor-lty on Vane-Glory, Ma sed. He can tell you in a jiffy what is Vane-Glory, sed Ma. It is his middle noim, sed

this out-birst? It seems so suitabel, sed Ma, that you shud be asked what is Vane-Glory, sed Ma. Evver since I have knowed you, sed Ma, glancing back acrost them misty years wich has went befoar, sed Ma, you have been to me a ster-ling type o Vane-Glory, Ma sed, always wide awaik to yure great qualitys & stone blind to yure faults. But with all, sed Ma, you are a noabelman. That I cannot decay you. Aint I, tho, wen you cum to think of it? sed Pa. There aint

noablier than what I am, is there? Not anywares, sed Ma, & that, Bobie, sed Ma, is Vain-Glory. You mite see other men wich is tipes of Vane-Glory, and Ma, but nowares in this wide wurld will you evve beehoald Vane-Glory so reelized & demon-straited as it is in yure deer old dad, sed Ma.

Heer ye, heer ye, sed Ma. What does that mean, heer ye heer ye? I sed to Ma.
It means that yure father jest sed sumthing wich was so remark-abul it should be notised speshul, sed Ma. He jst sed sumthing about not beeing swell hedded. Wen I was a little gurl, sed Ma. I got stinged on the hed by 100 hornits, sed Ma. Then my head got jest like yur deer father's hed is the yeer around, sed Ma.



so popular this season, of Chinese red satin brocaded in silver, and a

panel train of the fabric extends down the side back into a train. The

The dinner gown at the left has the wrapped bodice that has been

simple gathered skirt is of silver cloth. The center sketch is of a girlish white taffeta frock, having its perfectly plain corsage square of neck and supported over the shoulders by taffeta straps studded with crystals. A succession of slender panels of the taffeta picoted about the edges makes the bouffant tunic skirt, and the underskirt, also of taffeta, is scalloped and the scallops edged with crystals. A scarlet poppy with crystals resting like dewdrops on its petals blooms at the waist.

The new treatment that Paris is according sequin bands is the feature of a third pleasing model. Bright green and blue changeable taffeta-for taffeta is well liked this sesson-is given bands of radiant green sequins for shoulder straps, which continue down each side of the corsage and skirt. The wrapped bodice is cut decidedly lower in back than in front, and there is a slim double train of the taffeta edged with sequins. Long earrings-so long, indeed, that they sweep the shoulders in some cases—are the fad just now.

Nothing is cooler and daintier for the summer afternoon affair than white-unless it be white with a touch of black-and one Parisian couturier has given this color scheme his approbation in a charming little gown of linen and organdie. The front and back of the model are linen panels bloused at the natural waist-line and outlined in black embroidered polka dots, with narrower panels at the sides of the skirt. Charming distinctions are pieces of the organdie, accordion pleated, which are introduced in the sleeves, between the panels and side sections of the bodice, and between the large and small panels of the skirt. And clusters of deliciously realistic black cherries are posed about the brim of the accompanying organdie hat.

The long-waisted bodice and narrow front panel of a pleasing frock in raspberry-colored linen are cut in one piece and attractively embroidered in French blue, and organdie in this shade lines the sleeves. The straight neck-line is finding favor among Parisians this summer, and in spite of its tunic, this frock preserves the slender silhouette, which is a point decidedly in its favor. Raspberry taffeta makes a becoming hat, with narrow blue ribbon to trim it.

MORE PRIZE RECIPES

(Here are more of The Times Cake Contest Recipes. Each worth using.)

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.

For this cake two eggs are required. One cup of sweet thick cream, one cup of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a saltspoonful of salt, and any flavoring to taste. To make, beat the yolks of the eggs well, then beat in the cream, then the sugar. Beat until smooth, add flour, which has been sifted twice with the baking

powder and salt. Add the whites of the eggs which have been whipped stiff. Bake in a loaf or layers; in the latter case, fill with any filling desired, chocolate, raspberry jam or cream mix-ture. Mrs. E. L. Hunter, 2605 Brentwood road northeast.

TILDEN STRAWBERRY. 1 cup of pulverize sugar.

2 eggs 1/2 cup of sweet milk 4 cup of corn starch

1 teaspoon of baking powder 1 teaspoonful of lemon extract— Mrs. Wm. G. K. Fischer, 3051 N street

THE OBSERVING WOMAN

A STUDY IN ANATOMY.

It was at the Silk Exhibit. Stopping to admire the new Florence Harding lavender and Marion blue in gorgeous fabrics, the crowd stood enthrailed. A fetching mannekin in black taffeta and diamond passementarie emerged from some inner sanctum. She was a very clever little actress, knowing just how to bend, first this way, then that, and how to teeter on the highest of French heels. Lifting a perfect shoulder in a most approved way, she turned-and displayed the back of the gown-what there was of it. A cryptic remark from a by-stander floated into the woman's ear: "Say, they said this was a silk exhibit. Looks more like a study in anatomy to me!"

PHILLIPS Around the Corner From High Prices.

812 H Street N. W. Special Today On Dresses, Coats and Suits. The Distrustful Woman SHE IS ALWAYS IN THE THROES OF MISERY.

Beatrice Fairfax Says It Not Only Alienates the Affections of Those She Loves But Makes Herself Unhappy

By Beatrice Fairfax. Famous Authority on the Problems of Marriage and

F I tell my wife I'm going to a director's meeting, she is as sure as fate that I'm on my way to take some dazzling widow out to dine," sighed Frank. "I can't tell that woman the truth. Either she hasn't a particle of faith in me-or she hasn't much confidence in herself. I married her because I thought her the most attractive woman in the world. And by jove! I'd still think so-if she'd let me!"

"If she'd let me"-I wonder how many women have the slightest idea how easy it would be for the man who once loved them to go on caring if only making him stop weren't almost a business in life?

When a man breaks an engagement with a woman she generally suspects a rival woman. When a man says he's sick and can't come to call, a certain type of woman immediately imagines he's breaking off friendship forever.

And the suggestion of a suspiclous hot-headed woman sometimes makes a harassed man wonder why he shouldn't live up-or down-to his reputation. "The honor system" has been

A TRUE MARK OFGREATNESS

By W. A. McKeever _ Professor in the University of Kansas and a Well-Known

Educator.
E was only a little Mexican boy, eight years old, with one leg off at the knee and a pine stick attached crudely for a substitute.

He was only an orphan, with not he could call his own and none who seemed to care for his well being. That is why little Eugenio stood shivering on the street corner in Pueblo early one morning selling papers for a living, when a "Good Samaritan," a Rotarian, happened

to notice him. From this point the story moves very fast. The Rotary Club of Pueblo took up the case and a to buy the boy an artificial limb.

member quickly arose and moved that they raise the necessary \$125 However, at this point they were halted by the eager voice of a white-haired member of apparently club allow me the pleasure and the honor of buying the boy a limb without any assessment on the club?" Ex-Gov. Alva Adams was speaking. The request was immediately

granted, by common consent. All present were touched with compassion, and it was just such an affair as binds the hearts of busy men together and makes the world one point better as a place to live in. But there is a Little Eugenio in practically every city of the larger

Our hurried business affairs tend to harden our hearts and make us oblivious to the world's suffering and need.

May we, as clubs of men and as individuals, look about us today and find a little Eugenio or his who appeals to our hearts and so starts the flow of our love and generosity through the gates of our compassion

+ found to work well in most schools and in many business organizations. Somehow folks have a way of living about as seem, to be expected of them.

Why shouldn't a woman feel enough confidence in the man's loyalty and in her own "drawing power" to be fairly sure that he'll keep his engagements with her if he can?

When a woman merely likes a man she can generally manage to be sane about any situation in which both are concerned. Now, why not treat a flance or husband with an enforced sanity such as has been proven to work in the case of friends-masculine and feminine?

The most ardent devotee of chocolate ice cream may occasionally decide that a strawberry soda would be pleasantly refreshing. And the man who loves Ibsen may now and then find a musical comedy more stimulating than his pet playwright's observations of life.

Why should any woman insist that because a man cares for her he is to strip his life of all other enthusiasms-all interests in which she does not figure? Why shouldn't a woman add

friendliness to love, so that the man who cares for her feels free to admit that he has other interests in life and to talk to her of them frankly and honestly without dreading her wrath? The business of doubting folks

isn't inherent or inherited like red hair. A tendency to suspicion plus a few sad experiences bitterly interpreted and there's a carping creature in the making who doubts everyone-enough to justify it. No use talking, if you suspect a quiet dormouse of a man long

enough, you're likely to put ideas into his head after a while. Either he'll decide to see what the charm of the forbidden is or he'll get so tired of being questioned over nothing that he'll supply the something of which he's being eternally and ev erlastingly accused. The distrustful woman makes her

self miserable. Also she makes a man tired of being suspected of what he hasn't done and inclined to supply material beyond his nagging wife's mere imaginings.

A Thought for Today

"It is good policy to be just: inasmuch as a reputation for probity and disinterestedness gives a prince more real authority and power than any acces--Louis IX (St. Louis).

A Drugless Treatment

for Chronic Ailments

Chiropractic is a wonderful science of nature's own treatment for all ills. The practice is new, but the principles are as old as Nature herself. And there is no disease, temporary or chronic, which it has not helped. It is truly a wonderful treatment—no drugs, no medicines used. It is nature's own treatment.

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ment. He carried slices of the savory meat and directed its cooking whenever he dined out. SWINDELL'S

The noted English Epicure's

QUALITY BACON is found in every

home where perfect bacon flavor is appreciated. Its rich, tender sweetness results from special curing with Sugar. It broils crispy, brittly brown without shriveling-one reason why it is

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It's a sandwich delicacy with substantial pork and beef to appease the hearty out-door hunger of the picnicker. Uncle Sam himself says it's fresh and pure.

LOFFLER'S SAUSAGE

Ask Your Meat Man

Miss Kitty was in the garden. "I'll go and find her," said Philip. He went round the house and neard Kitty's laugh.

Her dear, pretty laugh! Bless her! His angry heart felt as if a gentle hand had been for a mo ment laid on its soreness. It was all just a bad dream, this last wretched day. He rounded the hedge and suddenly stopped; his feet seemed rooted to the ground. Kitty was there, half-lying, halfsitting in a hammock, one little foot swinging tantalizingly a few

laughing invitation into Peter Den-The evening was so still that

There was a second's hesitancy; then Peter Dennison stooped with a determination in which there was nothing boyish, and kissed her

BOBBIE AND

By William F. Kirk ASKED Pa last nite what is Vane-Glory, it was in a story which I was reeding.

Well, well, well, sed Pa. Why

It says in his story that Vane-Glory is foolish, I sed. Pa aint foolish.

You are rite as always, Bobbie. sed Pa. I ain't foolish & thare i moar to me than the word Vane-Glory siggi-fies, sed Pa. I am a man wich has climed far up the ladder of Fame, sed Pa, & yet have nevver aloud it to maik me dizzy or swell-heeded, sed Pa.

IS MARRIAGE A SUCCESS? IS A FREAK. In reference to the advice given

to "Two Friends" by Bachelor: If they will have nothing to do with the affectionate, demonstrative men they won't have any company at all except such as they said they did not want. Why do men pay attention to women? If it is not respectable to make love then the respectable man is a freak. A man is very cross, I admit, to expect affection in payment for money spent on a girl, but many expect it just the same, and will drop the girl like a hot coal if they are disappointed. Some men are looking for wives and are

just passing the time. If a self-respecting girl is not to allow any kisses, and waits till the man comes along who knows how to behave himself, she will the good times and attention and

The man who wants to kiss the girls need not necessarily land in the divorce court, as some wives are sensible and broad-minded.

I think I will advise "Two Friends" just to try this advice of "Bachelor" and see where they get off. Don't take my word for any

A MAN. TIRED OF HER. What would you do if you felt as if you were all alone in the

A year ago I met a man whom, at the time, I did not care for. I my own life. Mine is divine love, his, selfish, wanting all for himself and giving in return hours of sleeplessness, heartaches and hu-miliations. All this is called love. Now there is someone else and

she's tired. I have a beautiful mother, and a wonderful boy who wants me for his wife. But whom can I go to? My mother is just what I say— beautiful, but that's all. would break the boy's heart

if I didn't marry him, and should I let this other man-a forment of innocent woman's hearts-go his way and I alone pay the price of Please, someone advise me, as it is driving me insane.

A BROKEN TOY.

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When a Girl Marries AN ABSORBING SERIAL OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE "Guess it' better to leave her

where she be than run her in and

risk waking the hull tarnation bunch. An' if we get through in time I'll drive you over to your

"Ain't takin' no train," grumbled the man called "Slim."

out of here today!"

"Oh, yes, you be. You're gettin'

There was no doubt of it-Lyons

companion was the bat-eared man I'd seen this afternoon sinking out

of the alcove from which Dad Lee

afterward had fetched his overcoat.

"And I trusted Lyons," I mur-mured again. "I gave him his

"I must watch that garage," I told myself grimly. "I can't stay out here, for I'd catch my death of

cold, which would profit nobody." Suddenly I realized that from

the little mullioned windows of the

breakfast room I could keep as

strenuous and as undeviating a

watch as I could from this cramped

position on the damp ground. So

I let myself into the house again

and crept through the dining room

to the little breakfast room. Then

I sank down on one of the tiny

window seats in the mullioned win-

dows and fixed my eyes on the

It seemed to me pretty certain that Lyons would get rid of his visitor long before the morning

train, to which he always drove

ged by. I had no wrist watch, and

have risked lighting my little flash to read the time. But I felt sure it

must be nearing 7. The day was

even if I had worn one I wouldn't

Moments that seemed hours drag-

By Ann Lisle. W ITH a queer dazed feeling
I found myself sittle (Copyright, 1921, by King Peature Syndicate, Inc.) floor of the empty garage at Dream-

Ruefully I stumbled to my feet, murmuring for the comfort of hearbruised and aching sides:

Acting on my own advice, I pulled the doors open and squeezing through the aperture, started up the path in the gray light between night and dawn.

Something seemed to halt me and to pull me back to close the garage doors which in my hurry I'd left ajar. It was the hum of a motor coming steading nearer through "It's Lyons," I breathed to my-

self with certainty. "This is where he faces the music." The hum of the motor was very near. Suddenly it stopped. After a minute or two I heard footsteps crunching across the frozen ground. Then voices, hushed and guarded, came to me. I could make out the words even before I knew who the speakers

There was another man with Lyons. Running and stumbling in haste, I rushed across the frozen ground and crouched in hiding back of the steps leading to the side

"Ain't a cloud in sight bigger'n our fist. Comin' on for a clear day," said the first. "Guess she's safe out there," replied the second voice doubtfully. Sure-she be. Now forget her. The cold don't disturb her none compared to what it do me. And

The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis

All the gossips are delighted

with tales to shock your ears and

their souls are so benighted that

they joy in others' tears. They're

happy when they're knocking

wherever there is woe you'll always

see them flocking, they would not miss the show. They hasten to

their neighbors to spread bad news

through town, neglecting house-hold labors to talk of Mrs. Brown.

Wherever they are going, they talk of Black and wife or what the

Smiths are owing or Bronson's

double life. Now when some gossip

hails you, don't let his words mis-

guide; but say to him: "What ails

hear another version may throw a

needed light upon some dark asper-

sion and take away its blight. And

so, when folks come trying to blacken and deride, don't join in villifying, but hear the other side.

you? I want the other side!"

rasped the first voice again.

dawning, crisp and clear.
Suddenly a figure loomed before me in the curtained dimness of the room and a hand was laid gently on my arm. I looked up into the wide eyes of Lyon's wife, Bertha. I'm all for a little warm sociability," (To Be Continued Thursday.)

garage.

Advice to the Lovelorn _By Beatrice Fairfax_ DON'T WOUND HIS PRIDE. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have been going around with a young man for the past year or so

just "good pals." Unfortunately, he is at present out of employment and, being a helper in the upkep of his home, has but little spending money.

Now, Miss Fairfax, I would like to know if you think that I would be outstepping the bonds of propriety were I to purchase theater him to accompany me? tickets or movie tickets and ask Don't hurt his feelings. Don't make him conscious of the fact that

and we are, what people might call,

you have the money to pay for en-tertainment, and he hasn't. Why not \$3.50

Trimmed Hats, 99c. try suggesting walks or Sunday pic-nics and then bring the lunch?